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What is the Best Way to Bring Up a Child?

OVER-KIND AND CARELESS PARENTS.—HOW TO CURE A BAD HABIT.—THE INQUISITIVE CHILD.—THE RIGHT WAY WITH MALICE AND MISCHIEF.



It is true that the family bond is growing far more lax today than two or three generations back? The preachers tell us so—the moralists are sure of it. The stern old rule, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," that held in our grandfathers' day, has vanished, and nothing definite seems to have grown up to replace it.

It is said that the fathers and mothers of today have become over-kind, many of them, with the evil results that were foreshadowed, or too careless, so that the child grows up with a mind undirected to what is good, and his faults unchecked.

Long ago Rousseau wrote to this effect: "It rests with you, parents of young children, to be the saviours of society unto a thousand generations. Nothing else matters. The avocations about which people weary themselves are as child's play compared with this one serious business of bringing up our children in advance of ourselves."

Heredity is no longer a debatable theory. If every parent were zealous to cure his child of the one fault which he was conscious of in himself, or rather never gave it an opportunity to develop, how far would not the race advance in the course of two or three generations?

VICES.

But the point is how to accomplish it. How often do we hear the phrase, "Nature is too strong for us," or "I was just the same as a girl, but I grew out of it!" Of course, these are the little vices, a petty habit of fibbing, sudden bursts of childish temper, sullenness—they may, perhaps, be beaten out, as our grandfathers averred, like dust from a carpet; but now we have grown more tender of the delicate fibre of a child's nature. Most parents today would rather see a child naughty than cowed.

The question is the means; for surely it is easy enough to influence a child if you know the way. Some bright light has been thrown on this important subject by Miss Charlotte M. Mason in the series of books known as the Home Education Series, another volume of which was published recently. She lays great stress on the fact that it is the parents' business to train their children, and there is no one else to whom it can safely be entrusted. A child of two, as most mothers know, must already have had some training—though chiefly negative—in "being good"—but even that age the foundation can be laid of right learning and right thinking. Miss Mason's views on the training of young children are very suggestive, and from the volumes that compose the series (published by Kegan Paul and Co. at 3s. 6d. each) we propose to quote a few passages during the next few days.

In an early volume, "Parents and Children," there are some practical counsels to a parent who wishes to deal seriously with a bad habit.

NINE RULES
FOR PARENTS.

"FIRST.—Let us remember that this bad habit has made its record in the brain.

"SECOND.—There is only one way of obliterating such a record; the absolute cessation of the habit for a considerable space of time—say, some six or eight weeks.

"THIRD.—During this interval, new growth, new cell connexions, are somehow or other taking place, and the physical seat of the evil is undergoing a natural healing.

"FOURTH.—But the only way to secure this pause is to introduce some new habit as attractive to the child as is the wrong habit you set yourself to cure.

ing the new idea, until it takes great hold of the child's imagination.

"EIGHTH.—Watch most carefully against any recurrence of the bad habit.

"NINTH.—Should the old fault recur do not condone it. Let the punishment, chiefly the sense of your estrangement, be acutely felt. Let the child feel the shame, not only of having done wrong, but of having done wrong when it was perfectly easy to avoid the wrong and do the right. Above all, 'watch unto prayer,' and teach your child dependence upon divine aid in this warfare of the spirit; but also, the absolute necessity for his own efforts."

AN INQUISITIVE GIRL.

"Susie is an inquisitive little girl. Her mother is surprised, and not always delighted, to find that the little maid is constantly on voyages of discovery of which

Even at this age the foundation can be laid of right learning and right thinking.

the servants speak to each other as prying and poking. Is her mother engaged in a talk with a visitor or the nurse—behold, Susie is at her side sprung from nobody knows where. Susie is a confidential letter being written out. Susie is within earshot. Does she tell her husband that cook has asked for two days' leave of absence—up jumps Susie with all the ins and outs of the case.

"I really don't know what to do with the child. It is difficult to put down one's foot and say you ought not to know that or the other. Each thing in itself is harmless enough; but it is a little distressing to have a child who is always peering about for gossiping information. Yes, it is tiresome, but it is not a case for despair nor for thinking hard things of Susie, certainly not for accepting the inevitable.

"Regarding this tiresome curiosity as

the defect of its quality, the mother casts

odious custom, so constant, that it is his quality, will be his character, if you let him alone; he is spiteful, he is sly, he is sullen. No one is to blame for it; it was born in him. What are you to do with such an inveterate habit of nature? Just this—treat it as a bad habit, and set up the opposite good habit.

A MALICIOUS CHILD.

"Henry is more than mischievous; he is a malicious little boy. There are always tears in the nursery, because, with pinches, nips, and bobs, he is making some child wretched. Even his pets are not safe; he has done his canary to death by poking at it with a stick through the bars of its cage; bowl, from his dog, screeches from his cat, betray him in some vicious trick. He makes fearful faces at his timid little sister; sets traps with string for the housemaid with her water-cans to fall over; there is no end to the malicious

tricks, beyond the mere savagery of untrained boyhood, which come to his mother's ear.

"What is to be done? 'Oh, he will grow out of it!' say the more hopeful, who pin their faith in time. But many an experienced mother will say, 'You can't cure him; what is in will out, and he will be a pest to society all his life.' Yet the child may be cured in a month if the mother will set herself to the task with both hands and of set purpose; at any rate, the cure may be well begun, and that is half done.

"When the right moment comes introduce Susie to some delightful study of Nature, for example, which will employ all her prying proclivities. Once the new idea has taken possession of the little girl, a little talk should follow about the unworthiness of filling one's thoughts with trifling matters, so that nothing really interesting can get in.

"For weeks together see that Susie's mind is too full of large matters to entertain the small ones; and, once the inquisitive habit has been checked, encourage the child's active mind to definite progressive work while Susie's unworthy curiosity will soon cease to be a trial to her parents.

AND ITS RESULTS.

"For a whole month the child's whole heart is flowing out in deeds and schemes and thoughts of loving-kindness, and the ingenuity which spent itself in malicious tricks becomes an acquisition to his family when his devices are benevolent.

"Yes; but where is his mother to get time in these encroaching days to put Henry under special treatment? She has other children and other duties, and simply cannot give herself up for a month or a week to one child. If the boy were ill, in danger, would she find time for him then? Would not other duties go to the wall, and leave her little son, for the time, her chief object in life?

"Here is a point all parents are not enough aware of—that serious mental and moral ailments require prompt, purposeful, curative treatment, to which the parents must devote themselves for a short time, just as they would to a sick child. Neither punishing him nor letting him alone—the two lines of treatment most in favour—ever cured a child of any moral evil."

To-morrow another book in this interesting series will be dealt with on this page.

Good Stories from Ireland: How a Spirit Was Laid.

HE anonymous contributor in "Blackwood's Magazine" continues in this month's number his recollection of "Old Galway Life." One of the many stories concerns

ghost—a vague white form which flitted about a small neglected graveyard, much to the alarm of those who lived near by.

One of the gentlemen of our party under-

took to lay the unquiet spirit, and going out not far from midnight did indeed soon become aware of a white figure looming towards him through the darkness. Our friend however held on his way unda-

hood is of the wedding of our nurse. She had come to us from a distant part of the county, and on going up to the nursery one morning I found her in floods of tears. "Me father's sint a strange man to marry me, miss," she sobbed.

I promptly advised that she should refuse to be married, and stay on with us; but she only answered hopelessly, "Sure, I must do as I'm bid."

We escorted our faithful handmaiden to the chapel, all weeping in sympathy with her, while she wept more unrestrainedly than all the rest. The bridegroom—a shy, loutish countryman, who kept at a respectful distance as we walked along—did not appear to be in any way troubled by the sight of which he was the

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P.13.

FEUILLETEN.

THE ANGEL OF TROUBLE.

By META SIMMINS and SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

MIRIAM KINDERSLEY, a strikingly beautiful woman whose husband was killed by Sir John Wynter in a struggle on the beach before the latter's bungalow in India. She has since married Wynter. Now that she is free again she tries to revive Wynter's love.

SIR JOHN WYNTER, a handsome young man, who loved Miriam Kindersley in the past. He now loves OLIVE CHARTERS, a pretty, charming girl. She has accepted Wynter's proposal of marriage.

PAUL MARABLE, a millionaire, who wishes to marry Olive, and tried to separate her and Wynter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

Wynter and Miriam.

Wynter and Miriam walked through the orchard, where the russets were ripening on the trees—an orchard that had been growing nearly a century, with grey, old medlars and an ancient mulberry tree among whose twisted branches Wynter had long ago, when he was a boy, fashioned a seat. It still looked as serviceable as ever, though it was inaccessible now to Miriam, whatever it had been in those days of short frocks, as she laughingly told Wynter now. Beyond the orchard was a plantation of pine trees, with branches laden with cones.

"Isn't it like slipping back into one's past, Jack?" she cried suddenly. "Doesn't every step make one remember things?"

He nodded. A queer rush of recollections had swept over him too, and he was not insensible to their appeal.

"I don't think I have ever loved the old place so much as I love it now," she went on, "coming back to it after—all that has happened that we want to forget, you and I—that we can forget and put utterly behind us, Jack, can't we?" the woman added, with a wistfulness in her voice, looking up into his face, as they lingered under the trees, with the soft

terred.

"Ghost," he said in sepulchral tones, when he came near, "could you drink a glass of whisky?"

"I could so, yer honour," blithely responded the ghost, taken off his balance by the unexpected offer, and standing revealed as the principal poacher of the neighbourhood, who had availed himself of this spectral guise to set his night-lines and carry on his other depredations undisturbed.

Another of the recollections of my child-

cause. We saw the bridal pair duly married, and they forthwith departed on foot together. I never heard of our devoted Mary again.

I also remember, says the same writer, the marriage of the daughter of a well-to-do shopkeeper in the town of Galway. The father of the bride was considered to be decidedly close-fisted. The bridegroom, as well as I remember, was of a station somewhat superior to that of the family he proposed to ally himself with. The wedding-day came, but when the bridal

would be put to shame in the sight of an Galway by returning to her father's house unwed, gave way, and promised to double the fortune as demanded, whereupon the bridegroom got up, dressed himself, and came to church to be married.

Somewhere in those far back days, too, there was a festivity long remembered in the annals of Galway. The owner of an estate some few miles outside the town was married to a lady who was very fond of company and of social gaieties, and who also held complete sway in the domestic establishment. She insisted on her husband throwing down the old house in which he and his fathers had lived and building a palatial mansion in its stead.

BURIED

IN THE HOUSE.

When the imposing pile was little more than roofed in, the walls being only covered with their first coating of rough, criss-cross plaster, the lady, unable to restrain her impatience any longer, gave a house-warming—an entertainment that lasted three days and three nights without intermission, and to which the whole of the county Galway were invited. Guests were put up in the unfinished bedrooms, on the stairs, in any nook or corner which could be made to serve. Others, who could not secure even such accommodation, slept in their carriages, drawn up outside in the yards and shrubberies, while the remainder drove in and out of Galway for occasional periods of rest.

The astute lover, when declined as a husband, begs humbly for friendship, and proceeds to make himself necessary to her tastes, humours her whims, is always on hand when needed, yet never in the way. In short, he plays the part of "cavalier servant," so adroitly that some day when he betakes himself to Japan or to Paris his lady-love wakes up to the knowledge that he has become indispensable to her, a part of her life, which, withdrawn, leaves a sense of lack, a void. Most fortresses will capitulate if the siege be long enough and well conducted, and the rule holds good in love as well as in war.

There are some men who fail to grasp the sense of a rejection at all, who camp upon a woman's doorstep, so to speak, and win her in the end by force of sheer persistency. It is, however, to be doubted whether such course often is wise, since it is apt to be not love which has induced the acceptance, but the feeling of weariness which is described as "marrying a man to be rid of him." Neither is it always love on the part of the man which produces the insistence. It may be the determination not to be beaten to triumph over opposition, and a marriage from such motives can scarcely be happy.—Helen Oldfield, in the "Chicago Tribune."

September sunlight falling through the tangled boughs where they stood.

She saw the shadow that suddenly crossed his face, and the moment the words were uttered she regretted fiercely the impulse that had prompted them. As though challenging some thought she read on his face, she cried:

"We can, Jack, we can! Oh, you don't know how much I want to be happy—love and happiness and peace, how I crave for them! And here I have been telling myself they are all within my grasp once more. I won't let them go again as I once did, Jack! You mustn't shake my belief in the dream I cling to—you mustn't, Jack!"

For an instant he did not speak. Eighteen months ago he had stood here in this orchard, and the greatest joy life held had seemed bound up with this woman, whose voice, low and passionate, was in his ears now.

But that was eighteen months ago; and now there was another woman's face that stole between him and the irrevocable obligation of that unsurrendered claim, to fill him with a sense of irreparable loss.

It was only the second-best that was possible for him now. Only there was an appeal in her wistful look that moved him, and he answered:

"Dear, we found them—love and happiness—waiting for us here once, and it is we who have strayed away, not they. Are we not coming back to them already?"

She did not suspect the evasiveness in his answer.

"I should like to tell dad soon about our secret," Miriam said presently. "He will be so glad, I know, for he thinks so much of you, Jack. Just dad—I don't want Connie to know yet; Connie and I never hit it off together, somehow. But I should like dad to know."

She remembered how Connie had done all she could to bring her and Prince Sergius Murinoff together.

All the horror of that night, when she had gone to the Prince's rooms, had repeated itself again and again in Miriam's thoughts, like a strange, inconsequent dream. It had left the dregs of fear in her mind. She had been so utterly convinced that he was dead—the man to whom she had played that desperate, despicable role that she felt had stained her—and to learn the next day that he had gone abroad. There was something uncanny about it all to lead keen edge to her fears.

She had an almost superstitious dread

that Murinoff might come into her life again, to threaten the peace and happiness of which she had spoken. She had tricked the Russian that night; he would know that she had been fooling him, though he had gone away with such unexpected suddenness. She knew his vindictive nature; perhaps he was meditating some trick in return. If only she could have confided to the man she loved this fear and horror that had followed the events of that night—not only that she felt to be impossible. John Wynter must never know of that visit to the Prince's rooms.

His voice drew her out of these momentary thoughts.

"I will tell your father to-day, if you like, Miriam."

"No; I'll tell him, Jack. I think he guesses already. I should like him to hear our news from me."

"Here is your sister," he said, suddenly, locking past her.

Miriam turned, to see Constance Warrington coming towards them with a letter in her hand.

"I wonder what Connie's news is that she is burning to tell us?" Miriam said, as they strolled forward to meet her. "It can't be that poor Charlie has gone at last—but I don't know anything else that would make her so excited," she added, rather maliciously.

Mrs. Warrington came up to them breathless.

She shook hands with Wynter, and said, "How d'you do?" and poured out her news almost in one and the same breath.

"Miriam, whom do you think I've had a letter from this morning?" she cried.

"The poor Prince!"

Miriam's face went a shade paler. Her sister's words had come like a startling echo of her own thoughts of a minute ago.

"From Prince Sergius, do you mean?" she said, in a stifled voice.

Wynter noticed with a little surprise how startled she seemed. The mention of the name brought a jarring recollection to him:

"Yes; I wrote to him in the Paris hospital, offering my condolences," went on Mrs. Warrington, and he tells me that I am the first person he has written to since he has been able to hold a pen. He must have been badly smashed up, poor fellow!

—he speaks of himself so pathetically, as feeling like one risen from the dead."

(See next page for continuation.)

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